

ocd

song based fics - I

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ocd by angelsprunch

Series: [song based fics \[1\]](#)

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Characters: Bill Denbrough, Richie Tozier (mentioned), Stanley Urís

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Stamley Urís

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Summary:

stan falls in love and his head goes silent.

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Author's Note:

- Inspired by [OCD](#) by Neil Hilborn.

this was requested by a good friend of mine!! it's heavily based off of the ocd poem by neil hilborn! please let me know what you think and send in requests to my tumblr @ dadsharrington !!

The first time Stan saw Bill everything in his head went quiet. Everything was peaceful in his mind which was so rare that Stan had to double take.

They were six and Stan had already known that his mind didn't work like everyone else's. Doctors didn't have an official name for it and he was always referred to as a picky child or a mature child. Some adults saw it as a positive thing while others viewed it negatively. Stan chose to just view it as another asset of his personality. This was who he was and no matter what he did, it wouldn't change. He tried to get rid of it, but he seems to be stuck this way. Adults would claim that his family must be stuck up when Stan would refuse to use public restrooms or that he's picky when he complained about eating out. It wasn't that in the slightest, though. At home he would eat anything and everything put in front of him. There was nothing that Stan thought he was too good for. The idea of being unclean left him feeling too big for his skin, though.

When Stan first met Bill his hair was uneven and his shirt had a stain on the chest. A lot of things about Bill's appearance should have sent Stan towards someone else, but perhaps being friends with Richie was preparing him for this. Stan didn't even bother trying to fix anything about Bill's appearance. Instead, his attention was drawn to an eyelash on his cheek. It seemed so perfect there and Stan couldn't imagine seeing the other boy any differently. His suddenly quiet

mind quickly filled up with thoughts of Bill and how well he would fit in with Richie and himself. Before he could process what he was doing, Stan held out a hand for the other boy and invited him to play. It never crossed his mind where the other boy's hands might have been before they touched Stanley's.

When they were fifteen, Stanley realized he loved Bill. He loved the way his clothes always looked a little too big for him, the way his hair never seemed to fall just right, and the way there was always a little bit of dirt underneath his chewed fingernails. There were other things that stood out about Bill that Stan loved, but these were the things that he knew should have driven him crazy. They were walking home from a day at the quarry, Stan's hair still dripping wet, when Stan asked Bill out. It took six tries before he was content with the answer. He thought that Bill would be laughing at him, but he sat there patiently after saying yes to the third attempt. Maybe this was meant to be.

On their first date, Stan had spent more time making sure that they were going to a clean place to eat than actually focusing on his time with Bill. Bill loved it, though. He always knew that they'd be at a safe place to eat or do anything because Stan had definitely made sure that everything was up to code for anywhere that they went. When they would part ways, Stan would have to kiss Bill twelve times or twenty-four if it was a Monday. It made Bill feel loved, though. He loved knowing that he wanted to kiss him until the kiss was just right. It made him feel special that Stan would take the time to make sure it was perfect. When they walked home together, it would take longer because there were lots of cracks in the sidewalks around Derry. Bill never complained, though. It gave him time to look around and really appreciate the town despite the things that happened in it. When they spent the night together, Bill would say that he always felt safe because Stan definitely locked the door.

The first time Bill said he loved Stan, the curly haired boy was watching nothing other than Bill's mouth. It curled up around the edges when he said it and Stan knew that Bill was the one. At night he'd listen to Stan washing things in his bathroom sink and he'd close his eyes. He'd insist that he was in a rainforest and the noise of the running water was the rain falling around him. It would lull him to sleep before Stan could crawl into bed beside him. Even after he was clean, Stan would wrap his arms around Bill and his mind would go still.

One day when Stan was kissing Bill goodbye, he walked away. Stan could hear his heart breaking, but Bill insisted that he was making him late for school. It would leave him on edge for the rest of the day because the kiss wasn't just right. His mind would be louder on those days and those days started to come even more frequently. They would walk home from school and Stan would stop at cracks in the sidewalk, but Bill would keep on walking. His mouth no longer curled up at the edges when he said that he loved Stan. All of this was crushing the curly haired boy. How could he be losing the one person that seemed to make everything feel okay?

According to Bill it was a mistake to let Stan get this close. He had let Stan get too attached to him. It didn't feel like a mistake to him, though. How could it be a mistake when he didn't have to wash his hands after touching Bill? This was the furthest thing from a mistake and it was killing Stan that he couldn't see it. Usually when Stan obsesses over things, he can feel germs crawling under his skin, he can see himself drowning in a sea of unsanitary things, and everything in his mind is just too loud for him to handle.

When he's with Bill, though, all he can think about is the way he holds his handlebars when he rides his bike or the way he stumbles over words when reading aloud but never gives up. The first thing

Stan thinks of when he wakes up in the morning is the way Bill's hair falls over his face instead of whether or not he brushed his teeth once or twice the night before. Now, Stan just thinks about who else is kissing Bill. Are they doing it right? Do they care if it's perfect? Stan can't breathe because there's no way that they are doing it right. He wants Bill back so badly that he can feel germs rushing into his skin.

Stan wants him back so bad.

He left the door unlocked.

He left the lights on.